THE NATIONAL ER

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. IV.-NO. 45.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1850.

WHOLE NO. 201.

the Antional Ern is Published Weekly, on Seventh

TERMS. Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three times for one dollar; every subsequent inser-

tion twenty-five cents.

All communications to the Era, whether on husiness of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. Battery, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixth street, a few doors south of Pennsylvania avenue

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1850.

For the National Era.

HICKORY HALL: OR THE OUTCAST. A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

IN FOUR PARTS. BY MES, EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

"I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire, in frozen guifs of cold eternal lie, He tossed aloft through tracks of endless void, But cannot live in shame."-Joanna Buillie

> PART I. THE OLD HALL.

is this the hall? The nettle buildeth bowers, Where loathsome toad and beetle black are seen Are these toe chambers? Fed by darkest showers The shiny worm hath o'er them crawling been! is this the home? The owlet's dreary cry, Unto that as king makes a dread reply!

The following story is as near literal truth t is possible for a narrative that has passed through two channels to be. I will give it as wearly as practicable in the language in which it

was related to me. Early in the autumn of 18- we were journeying kinusely through the respectio and heartiful mountain and valley scenery in the interior of

Virginia. it was near the close of a golden October day that we reached the wildly picturesque little village of Hillsborough, situated upon a very high point of land, and in the midst of abrupt, rocky, tree-capped peaks, with green dents of very fertile soil between. It was a town of rocks-founded upon rocks-hemmed in by rocks-the dwelling-houses, out-houses, fences, pig-pens, chickencoops, all built of rocks of every conceivable variegated hue. It was, indeed, a beautiful and brilliant piece of mosaic work, up and down a ground of shaded green. It was as radiant and many colored as the forest in autumn, and glowed, flashed, and sparkled in the golden sun like an

open casket of jewels.

We reached the quaint old inn in time for a lite dinner. There we expected to meet the carfirst question. Why does not this Mr. Wallramiles distant across the mountain, and at whose ling, do som thing?"

"He is the best agriculturist in the State—i house we were going to spend a few weeks. We found our friend, Mrs. Fairfield, waiting for us, and as soon as dinner was over we set out for Cedar Cliffs. Our road lay west through a save "Pertinacious! He is an aged man of sixty Cedar Cliffs. Our road lay west through a savagely beautiful country, breaking itself up to- years. wards a lofty range of blue mountains encircling children—that circumstance paralyzes his enerthe western horizon, and behind whi and burned the crimson sunset sky.

We approached the celebrated pass of th Bear's Walk, from the highest point of which an extensive view of the valley was afforded. As we began to ascend the mountain, I fell into one of those indolent, pleasant, but rather selfish reveries, which the gathering shadows of twilight the darkening scene, and the heavy, sleepy motion of the carriage, seemed to invite. From this reverie I was at length aroused by my indulgent companion, who, laying her hand upon my arm, and pointing across me through the window or the right said-

"I wish you to observe that house on the bro of the cliff "

We had just slowly reached the summit of the mountain, and the carriage had stopped to breathe the horses. I looked out at the window on the right side. It was yet early enough in the evening, and there was yet light enough left to see, pitching precipitately down below us, a flight of cliffs, the bases of which were lost in abysses of twilight gloom and foliage, and the circular range of which swept round in a ring, shutting in a small, but deep and cup-shaped, valley. Down in the deeps of this darkening vale loomed lurid. in the deeps of this darkening vale loomed luridly a large old farm-house of red sandstone. The prevalent tone of the picture was gloom. Down nto a reverie about the deep, dark vale, and darker house, swooped my fancy again. The carriage was in slow motion. I drew in my

"Yes; and through that deep sea of dark and floating shadows, itself the densest shadow, it looms like some dark phantom, some ghost of a dead home "-

Say a murdered home?

"I wish you wouldn't break a well-rounded sentence with any sort of improvement-ghost of a dead home about to melt away again in the surrounding gloom.22

"Well said-better even than you think. Ye that old, half ruined farm-house is the centre of one of the largest, most beautiful, fertile, highlycultivated, and productive estates in all Virginia If you saw it under the noonday summer sun you would see a variegated ground-view of vast fields of wheat and rye, yellow and ripening for the harvest; corn, green, waving in the sun; red-blossomed clover, pastures of blue grass rolling down the sides of the hills behind us, and stretching out on all sides of the old house, and disappearing under the bow of the circularcounding of mountains. You hear now the mellowed tinkle of a waterfall, which, springing from the cliffs we have just left, flows down the side of the rocks, and reaching the bottom of the cuplike vale, spreads itself into many little, clear rills well watering its fertile fields, red pasturage, heavy woods, &c. This estate, with its fine water, its wealth of iron ore and coal in the encircling mountains, its abundance of game in the fores and fish in the river, and its immense water power, is one of the most valuable in the Southern States. Yet in the midst of that wealthy and highly-enlitvated plantation stands the homestead taclf a desolation !"

Then the shadowy view of it is after al the best. I wonder, by the way, why it is that many among our wealthiest Virginia planter hoose to reside in houses so shabby that a New ogland journeyman mechanic or day laborer would be ashamed to live in them? Now that you have directed attention to this dark phantom of a home looming luridly from the deep shadows, I warrant that we shall hear you say that this uncouth jumble of rough hewn red sandstone and miscellaneous rubbish is no ess a place than Livingston Lawn, Pomfret Park, some other style of sonorous sound.

No-it is only Hickory Hall."

Oh yes! one of the oldest mansion-houses he States—the residence, since 1610, of the eldest ranch of the Livingstons, the Dangerfields, or me other great family, with nothing left but

their great name and great need." On the contrary, Hickory Hall is only the home of the Wallravens, and has been so for only

a hundred years."

Hall, for upwards a hundred years, the seat of the Wallravens, an old family, with nothing left but their old name. And now I understand why the love, will not ally with one of his family "

homestead is in ruins while the farm is in the very highest state of cultivation!"

"Why, I pray you?"

"I will undertake to say that all these well-cultivated fields, relling in richness from hence to the horizon, belong to an 'industrious, intelligent, and the property of the cultivated fields, relling in richness from hence to the horizon, belong to an 'industrious, intelligent, when he were heavy the cultivated fields." and enterprising Yankee purchaser and settler who came here some five or six years ago peddling mouse-traps, and has now become possessed of all this land, and whose substantial, square-built, red brick house stares one out of countenance some-where over yonder by the side of the main road

"Wrong again. Hugh Wallraven is one of the wealthiest, if not the very wealthiest man in

private fortune in the county.' "It is said to be true, note."
"One million! why in the world, then, do

"One million! why in the world, then, does he not put up a decent house—a decent house! Good heaven! why does he not erect upon this favored spot a palace of white marble, with terraces, conservatories, pleasure gardens, fountains, groves? Fill his palace with the most beautiful and perfect works of mechanism, in the way of furniture, to be procured in Europe and Asia—with the rarest works of art of ancient or modern times—his conservatories with the richest exotics with the rarest works of art of ancient or modern times—his conservatories with the richest exotics of all climes—his gardens with the richest vegetables—his orchards with the utmost perfection of fruit! If I were he, with one million of dollars, I would introduce every new improvement in farming, grazing, stock breeding, &c. I would import the best specimens of cattle, horses, poultry. I would have Welsh ponies, Scotch draft horses, Euglish hunters, and Arabian coursers. Oh! I would make myself and so many other people so happy! One million! Oh! stop—don't speak to me yet—just let me revel in the idea of people so happy! One million? Oh! stop—don't speak to me yet—just let me revel in the idea of one million to lavish on this magnificent spot."
"Why you unsophisticated little blockhead!"
But why, then, does not this Mr. Wallraven—or rather, Judge Wallraven, or General Wallra-

ven-for I never heard of a Virginia planter, of any importance, reaching a certain period of life, without some title of distinction-why does not Governor Wallraven do something with his one

"He has done something—his farm is the best cultivated in the State." "Yes! but it should be the best stocked-the

best in every particular—the model farm. "Mr. Wallraven is a very aged man." "Ah! he is Mr., then

"Of course. People do not confer honors o any sort upon men like him!"

"Men like him! He is a bad man, then? per haps a criminal whose immense wealth and power-ful family connections have enabled him to cheat the gallows or the State prison of its due!"
"Mr. Wallraven has never been charged with

or even suspected of, a crime"—
"In his own proper person. 'The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.' His father, perhaps"—
"Possessed a name that was a synonyme for high honor and sterling integrity—his son, with his name, has inherited his reputation and charac-

ter of strict truth and honesty."
"Ah! that is it, then! He does not cheat

riage of a friend who resided at a farm about five ven, of the sterling integrity, and the pounds ster-

is his ruling passion—his occupation."
"And lives in a wretched, old, ruinous house

"How you jump to conclusions! and daughter!"

"Hum-hum-ah! well, but, sixty years old! His son and daughter must themselves be married, and settled off, and have children—and so, at last, he is a solitary old man, with no motive for improving and embellishing his homestead—the old house, if it will keep out the rain, is quite good enough, he thinks, for the short life of the itary old grandfather." "Uttterly wrong! His children, though pa

their early youth, are both still single. I paused for a moment, and then a luminous idea lighted up the whole subject, and I exclaimed,

"Now I have it! Now I certainly have it He is one of those unnatural monsters, a MISER!
Of course! why, surely! Why did I not see it
at once? How it explains everything that was
difficult to understand now! How clear that answer to the enigma makes all obscurity! How onsistent and harmonious all seeming contradi That does not prevent him being a man of strict honesty, sterling integrity—yet, most certainly, he is a miser; and 'people do not confer titles of distinction upon men like him!' Yes! he is a mi-

make returns, but the house will not. He has also half starved, half clothed, and half educated his children. They have grown up coarse, un couth, ignorant, unfit for good society. They are consequently not well received, and even if they were disposed to marry, he would not portion his daughter, or establish his son in business. That is the answer to the whole enigma! Now say that I have no quickness of apprehension!"

Ah! I have my inspirations sometimes!"

"You are making fun of me!"
"Hem! listen! His son, Constant Wallrave

graduated at a Northern University and made the grand tour of the Eastern Continent, accompanied by a clergyman salaried to attend him You never saw a handsomer or more magnificent ooking man, or one of more perfect dress and addlress—'the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye tongue, sword? His daughter, Constantia Wall-raven, is one of the most beautiful and elegan women, with one of the best cultivated minds

You surprise and perplex me more and more handsome, accomplished, wealthy, in the prime of life, and have never been married! but perhaps "Not so. They have ardent temperaments and

varm affections. "Then they are, take them all in all, not easily matched, and, of course, they are fastidious!"

"I think not; I am sure not! for, listen again, some years ago Constant (ell in love with the beautiful daughter of a poor day laborer—a poor, miserable fellow who hired in harvest, or in very

usy times, to work in the field with the negroes "Constant wished to marry her."

"He offered himself to the girl."

And the poor, abjectly poor, father threaten to shoot the son of the millionaire if he caugh him near his hut again."

daughter's good fortune. He suspected the young man of evil designs?" man of evil designs?"

"Possibly. If he did him that wrong, he was quickly undeceived—for the very next day Hugh Wallraven, the father, called at the hut of the poor day laborer, and saked the hand of his daughter, Ellen Dale, for his son and heir; and the poor man, with a blush of indignation, refused it "

"Hugh Wallraven then offered to settle a hundred thousand dollars on the maiden, if her father would permit the match; and the pauper

father refused?"

"You astound me! You positively do! What could have been the poor man's motive—enmity?"

"No! the poor creature wept bitterly while refusing his daughter to the son of his best friend and patron—and such was Hugh Wallraven to Thomas Dale."

"Perhaps this Constant Wallraven was a love-child, and the poor but honest and sternly correct father of a family upon that account despised and rejected the alliance!"

"Did I not say that Hugh Wallraven had never been charged or even suspected of crime or vice? No! Coustant was the son of his marriage, and is the legal heir of his property: and here it is well to inform you that the father for his whole life, and the children from an early age, have been members in good standing—for age, have been members in good standing—for persons in their condition—of the Protestant Episcopal church. If ever a family lived up to a Christian standard, it is the Wallravens!"

"And yet, notwithstanding their wealth, intel-

"What can be the reason of this proscription some horrible hereditary affliction must be it !- insanity perhaps !"

Worse far than that !" " Blindness !"

"Blindness "
"Infinitely worse than that!"
"Some loathsome disease such as we read of in
the East—leprosy perhaps!"
"Worse even than that, or any disease, or any sin! is this one incurable, fatal family calamity

"" Come, there is a story connected with this doomed family—this dark phantom of a dead

" Of a merdered home, as I said before. Yes Virginia. His fortune is estimated, with what truth I know not, at one million?

"Beschlet I did not think there was such a "Will you tell it to me?"

"Xee or rather and safely khon it, it is full just version of it, and as one very, very near and dear to me is intimately connected with the whole

dear to me is intimately connected with the whole affair, in justice to him you shall have truth. We are near Cedar Cliffs now. In a few minutes we shall reach the house." It was dusk.

There is something mysteriously pleasing to me in approaching is the dusk of the evening a strange country house, in which I expect to stay awhile. As the carriage stopped before the gloomy house about to become our temporary home, we looked out with vague interest and curiosity into the blackness of the night; but and curiosity into the blackness of the night; but we could discover nothing but indistinct and shadowy shapes, suggestive of a massive dwelling house, with out-buildings, and trees, and hills house, with out-buildings, and trees, and hills, and a back ground of lofty mountains, looming dark, darker, and darkest, into the murky sky. There was such an absorbing obscurity swallow-ing up everything. There was such a shadowy interest—such a stimulus to curiosity—such a field for imagination, in all so vague and undefined. It is the charm of the unknown-the glamour of terra incognita, that attracts us. It seems like dream land—like childhood come back. And then there is the cheerful anticipation of explor-ing the new scenes, by day-light, to-morrow, after breakfast, of which we think now, and of which we shall dream to-night. We are just agree-ably chilly, bungry, and tired enough to anticipate thorough enjoyment from the glowing fire, the hot supper, and the soft bed that shortly hwild us; and curious chough to wonder in de-tail what each will be like.

At the end of a long journey, commend me to an arrival at a country house at dark, where every sort of comfort will be enhanced by the most af-fectionate welcome. Gently pleasing fancies and feelings, like these, half forgotten childish emotions of wonder and curiosity about small things, possessed my mind, chasing from it completely possessed my mind, chasing from it completely all dark and weird imaginings awakened by the Phantom House in the Vale of Solitude. Almost immediately after the carriage stopped, we saw a light glancing behind the closed Vene-

tian blinds of the house, and immediately the front door opened, and a lantern emerged and came to meet us, followed by a long dark shadow that flit-ted, fantastically, hither and thither, behind it. It was Gulliver, the old gardener, who opened the gate and assisted us to alight. Mary (Mrs. Fair-field) gave us in charge of a colored chamber-maid, who conducted us to a pleasant bed-room, fragrant with the smell of dried herbs, and agree-ably warmed by a bright and cheerful fire. Soon ably warmed by a bright and cheerful fire. Soon as we had bathed and changed our clothes, Mary came for us herself and conducted us down to supper in one of those comfortable and agreeable rooms that young and tasteful housekeepers are so fond of perfecting. A coal fire glowed redly through the polished steel bars of a large grate, through the poissned steel oars of a large grave, the bright light of a solar lamp, standing upon the tea-table, flashed down upon an elegant tea-service of chased silver and white china arrayed upon a snowy damask cloth. It was an enviable room indeed! By the side of the fire, in a spring botance instantly interested me. He was of medium height, of slight, but elegant figure, and his fair,

"Did a ghastly contrast bear to the black hue of his mourning dress. This get tleman arose with a languid grace, and came to receive us; and when Mary named me to "Mr. Fairfield," her husband, he welcomed me with easy kindness. We then took our place at the table. It was impossible, however, not to observe the expression of profound, incurable sorrow upon the countenance of this young man. It was im-possible not to wonder how Mary herself could preserve any remnant of cheerfulness by the side of this heart-crushing despair. It seemed too deep, too great to leave him a thought of struggling against it, or concealing it. Yet, habitual polite-ness, feelings of hospitality, or benevolence, made him very kindly attentive to me; and I never saw anything so sad, so moving to tears, as his smile indeed I was already beginning to be painfully strongly, interested in this young gentleman-more strongly than I like to be in man, woman or child, over whose destiny I can exert no con-trol for their happiness. And then I turned from his wan, spiritual countenance, to that of Mary, at the head of the table, and I thought that her happy, youthful face, so full of health, intelli

gence, and cheerful bon hommie, must exercise wholesome, if an unseen, influence upon her sul excited my wonder and interest. We had left the supper table, which was cleared away, and rathered around the fire, which had been ished, and glowed brightly, when a knock at the front door was heard, and soon after the parlor door was opened, and an old man stood within it.

He was very tall, very broad-shouldered; but stooping, either with sorrow or infirmity. He was clothed in deep mourning—his left hand leaned heavily on a stout, gold-headed cane, while with his right hand he tremblingly lifted from his venerable head his hat, which he held in his hand, revealing by the action a brow, ploughed deep by sorrow or remorse, and hair white as the driver snow. There was an air of deep humiliation, of piteous deprecation, in his whole manner and a pearance, most painful to witness in one so age and, in every other respect, so venerable. Neither Mary nor Mr. Fairfield arose to receive this vis itor—nor, by look or gesture, shew any sort of respect for him—only Mary looked sadly down at her hands, and Mr. Fairfield said, kindly, but

"Mr. Wallraven " thought I, giving a covert, but peircing glance, at the aged and stooping figure standing, hat in hand, so deprecatingly at the

"Ferdinand, she is dying at last-come to her she is dying!" he said. "Dying!" echoed Mary.
"Thank God," fervently exclaimed Fairfield with the first look of hope I had yet seen on his

wan face Yes, dying. Will you come?" repeated the old man, as he trembled over his staff.

come?"

"Assuredly. Mary, love, order the carriage

"Assuredly. Thank God!"

Dving at last. Thank God!" Dying at last. Thank God!"

Mary had hastily left the room, and soon turned with his cloak and hat. Fairfield quickly donned them, and, as panied by the old man, left the house.

After they had gone, Mary Fairfield walked about in a state of half-suppressed excitement such as I had never seen her betray. She seemed to have forgotten me altogether, for which could not blame her. Presently, suddenly stop

ping, she asked, "Dear, you are tired?"

Feeling myself really fittigued and somewhat
de trop, I answered, "Yes."

"I will attend you to your room," she said, and
taking up a candle that she herself had left burn taking up a candle that she herself had left burning on the side-table when she came in with Mr.
Fairfield's clock, she preceded me up stairs, and
into my room, where we found the fire still burning, and a great big jet black negro girl waiting.

"You may go, Blanch," said Mrs. Fairfield to
the woman, who immediately left the room; and
then, "I can unbook your dress, dear," she kindly
said to me.

really concerned at a circumstance for which she had just thanked God so fervently. I turned sud-denly, and, squeezing her hand heartily, said— "Mary, I have fallen half in love with your "Oh! darling don't jest. He is ill—his con

great deal of her cheer ulness and hon hommic in his presence was nothing more than self-control. A violent knocking at the front door summoned her haste from the room. It was about fifteen inutes before she returned. She was bonneted

and cloaked for a journey, and she held in hand a large old letter. "They have sent the carriage back for

She kissed me and was gone.

I had been very tired and sleepy; but there was no sleep for me then until I had read the manacript. I trimmed my fire-drew a candle-stand to my side-and, with my feet upon the fende opened the manuscript that was to let me inte ina pid as continued

4 . 7 " For the National Kita. " ... 1 A SCHOLAR'S ADVENTURES IN THE COUNTRY

ife, "how much easier it would be to live."

"If we could only live in the country," said my

"And how much cheaper," said I! "To have a little place of our own, and raise our own things!" said my wife: "dear me! I am heart-sick when I think of the old place at home, and father's great garden. What peaches and melons we used to have-what green peas and corn! Now one has to buy every cent's worth of these things-and how they taste! Such wilted, miserable corn! Such peas! Then, if we lived in the country, we should have our own cow, and chickens. We could have custard and ice cream every day !"

"To say nothing of the trees and flowers, and all that," said I.

The result of this little domestic duette was that my wife and I began to ride about the city of -, to look up some pretty interesting cottage, where our visions of rural bliss might be realized. Country residences, near the city, we found to bear rather a high price; so that it was no easy matter to find a situation suitable to the length of our purse; till, at last, a judicious friend suggested a happy expedient-

"Borrow a few hundred," he said, "and give your note-you can save enough, very soon, to make the difference. When you raise everything you eat, you know it will make your salary go a vonderful deal further."

"Certainly it will," said I. "And what can be more beautiful than to buy places by the simple process of giving one's note—'tis so neat! and handy, and convenient !"

"Why," pursued my friend, "there is Mr. B. ny next door neighbor-tis enough to make one sick of life in the city to spend a week out on his farm. Such princely living as one gets; and he assure sme that it costs him very little-scarce anything, perceptible, in fact !"

"Indeed," said I, "few people can say that." "Why," said my friend, "he has a couple of peach trees for every month, from June till frost, her horns. that furnish as many peaches as he and his wife and ten children can dispose of. And then he of the milk of only one cow they had butter enough to sell three or four pounds a week, besides abundance of milk and cream! and madam besthe better for her pocker money! This is the way country people manage

"Glorious!" thought I. And my wife and I could scarce sleep, all night, for the brilliancy of our anticipations!

To be sure our delight was somewhat dampe the next day by the coldness with which my good old uncle, Jeremiah Standfast, who happened along at precisely this crisis, listened to our

"You'll find it pleasant, children, in the sun time," said the hard-fisted old man, twirling his blue checked pocket-handkerchief; "but I'm sorry you've gone in debt for the land."

"Oh! but we shall soon save that-it's so cheaper living in the county !" said both of us to-

"Well, as to that, I don't think it is to city-bred folks."

Here I broke in with a flood of ac Mr. B.'s peach trees, and Mrs. B.'s strawberries. butter, apricots, &c., &c.; to which the old gentleman listened with such a long, leathery, unmoved quietude of visage as quite provoked me, and gave me the worst possible opinion of his judgment was disappointed too; for, as he was reckoned one of the best practical farmers in the county, I had counted on an enthusiastic sympathy with all my agricultural designs.

"I tell you what, children," he said, "a body can live in the country, as you say, amazin' cheap; but, then, a body must know how"-and my uncle spread his pocket-handkerchief thoughtfully out upon his knees, and shook his head gravely. I thought him a terribly slow, stupid old body, and wondered how I had always entertained so

high an opinion of his sense. "He is evidently getting old !" said I to wife; "his judgment is not what it used to be." At all events, our place was bought, and we moved out, well pleased, the first morning in April, not at all remembering the ill savor of that day for matters of wisdom. Our place was a

pretty cottage, about two miles from the city, with grounds that had been tastefully laid out. There was no lack of winding paths, arbors, flowerborders, and rose-bushes, with which my wife was looks gracious, and comes forward, almost within especially pleased. There was a little green lot, reach of my hand. I make a plunge to throw the strolling off down to a brook, with a thick grove of trees at the end, where our cow was to be pastured. in getting our little new pet of a house into trimness and good order; for, as it had been long for sale, of course there was any amount of little repairs that had been left to amuse the leisure hours of the purchaser. Here a door-step, had

up and watered geraniums, and both flattered ourselves and each other on our early hours and thrifty habits. But soon, like Adam and Eve in Paradise, we found our little domain to ask more hands than ours, to get it into shape. So, says ! to my wife, "I will bring out a gardener when come next time, and he shall lay it out, and get it into order; and after that, I can easily keep

Our gardener was a very sublime sort man-an Englishman, and, of course, used to laying out noblemen's places, and we grasshoppers in our own eyes, when he talked of Lord this and that's estate, and began to question us about our carriage-drive and conservatory, and we could with difficulty bring the gentleman down to any understanding of the humble limits

it by the work of my leisure hours."

dear," she said. "I shall probably be absent all night, but you are at home, you know. Blanch will attend to all your orders—and, dear, here is a letter. It is one that Ferdinand wrote to me on a descent for him. In fact, so strong were his the eve of our engagement—he called it his confessions. It is only his explanation of certain-dreadful circumstances that troubled me before our marriage, and that trouble you now. I have Ferdinand's consent to leave it with you. Read it. It will tell you all you wished to know. It will engage you during my absence, and, when I return, you will know—the end!"

descent for him. In fact, so strong were his asthetic preferences, that he persuaded my wife to let him dig all the turf off from a green square evening! Then they are tranquilly and peace evening! Then they are tranquilly and peace of fully amassing for us their stores of sweetness, while they lull us with their murmurs. What a dalways prided myself on being an exact man, with they lull us with their murmurs. What a beautiful image of disinterested benevolence!"

My wife declared that I was quite a poet, and the bee-hive was duly installed near the flower-plots, that the delicate creatures might have the soul. The planting of the potatoes, beets, carrots, but the senting of the honeysuckle of a calm summer to let him dig all the turf off from a green square evening! Then they are tranquilly and peace evening! Then they are tranquilly and peace. Fully amassing for us their stores of sweetness, while they lull us with their murmurs. What a dalways prided myself on being an exact man, while they lull us with their murmurs. What a letch him dig all the turf off from a green square evening! Then they are tranquilly and peace. Fully amassing for us their stores of sweetness, while they lull us with their murmurs. What a letch him deal always prided myself on being an exact man, and settling every account, great and settling every account, it is all the turf of fully amassing for us their stores of sweetness.

My wife declared that I was quite a poet, and the bee-hive was duly installed near the flower-polar the bee-hive was duly installed near the flower-polar the planting of the polar to a raw leich man and appropr &c, was intrusted to a raw Irishman; for, as me, to confess the truth, I began to fear that digging did not agee with me. It is true that I was ent treatises on the rearing of bees, and also one exceedingly vigorous at first, and actually planted or two new patterns of hives, and proposed to rear with my own hands two or three long rows of my bees on the most approved model. I charged potatoes; after which I got a turn of rheumatism n my shoulder, which lasted me a week. Stoopin my shoulder, which lasted me a week. Stooping down to plant beets and radishes gave me a waste, so that I was been a content myself the interest of the stoop not remiss—and that is, in the purchase of seed creatures had chosen the top of a tree about thirty and garden utensils. Not a day passed that I did feet high to settle on. Now, my books had carenot come home with my pockets stuffed with fully instructed me just how to approach the choice seeds, roots, &c., and the variety of my swarm and cover them with a new hive, but I had garden utensils was unequalled. There was not a pruning-hook of any pattern, not a hoe, rake, or spade, great or small, that I did not have speciens of; and flower seeds and bulbs were also forthcoming in liberal proportions. In fact, I had opened an account at a thriving seed store; for when a man is driving business on a large scale, it is not always convenient to hand out the change for every little matter, and buying things on account is as neat and agreeable a mode of acquisi-

tion as paying bills with one's note. "You know we must have a cow," said my wife, e morning of our second week. Our friend the milk and cream in abundance-our own hens and gardener, who had now worked with us at the rate of two dollars a day for two weeks, was at hand in a moment in our emergency. We wanted to buy a cow, and he had one to sell—a wonderful cow, of a real English breed. He would not sell her for any money, except to oblige particular friends; but as we had patronized him, we should have her for forty dollars. How much we were obliged to him? The forty utiliars were speeding forthcoming, and so also was the cow.
"What makes her shake her head in

war ?" said my wife, appreciast of the served the interesting beast making sundry demonstrations with her horns. "I hope she's gen-

The gardener fluently demonstrated that the animal was a pattern of all the softer graces, and that this head-shaking was merely a little nervous affection consequent on the embarrassment of a new position. We had faith to believe al-most anything at this time, and therefore came from the barn-yard to the house as much satisfied with our purchase as Job with his three thousand camels and five hundred yoke of oxen. Her quondam master milked her for us the first evening, out of a delicate regard to her feelings as a stranger, and we fancied that we discerned forty dollars' worth of excellence in the very quality of the milk.

But alas! the next morning our Irish girl came in with a most rueful face: "And is it milking that baste you'd have me be after?" she said; sure, and she won't let me come near her."
"Nonsense, Biddy!" said I, "you frightened

her, perhaps; the cow is perfectly gentle;" and with the pail on my arm, I sallied forth. The moment madam saw me entering the cow-yard, she greeted me with a very expressive flourish of "This won't do," said I, and I stopped. The

lady evidently was serious in her intentions of and ten children can dispose of. And then he has grapes, apricote, &c.; and last year his wife and putting on a bold face, marched towards her, sold fifty dollars worth from her strawberry patch, while Biddy followed with her milking-stool. Biddy sat down to milk. I stood sentry, and if the lady shook her head, I shook my stick, and thus the milking operation proceeded with tolera-

"There " said, I, with dignity, when the frothing pail was full to the brim. "That will do, Biddy," and I dropped my stick. Dump! came madam's heel on the side of the pail, and it flew like a rocket into the air, while the milky flood showered plentifully over me, in a new broadcloth riding-coat that I had assumed for the first time that morning. "Whew!" said I, as soon as I could get my breath from this extraor-dinary shower-bath; "what's all this?" My wife came running toward the cow-yard, as I stood with the nilk strenging from my hair filling. with the milk streaming from my hair, filling my eyes, and dropping from the tip of my nose! and she and Biddy performed a recitative lamentation over me in alternate strophes, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy. Such was our first morning's experience; but as we had announced our bargain with some considerable flourish of trumpets among our neighbors and friends, we concluded o hush the matter up as much as possible.

"These very superior cows are apt to be cross," said I; "we must bear with it as we do with the eccentricities of genius; besides, when she gets occustomed to us, it will be better

Madam was therefore installed into ber pretty asture-lot, and my wife contemplated with pleas ure the picturesque effect of her appearance, re-clining on the green slope of the pasture-lot, or standing ancle-deep in the gurgling brook, or re-clining under the deep shadows of the trees—she was, in fact, a handsome cow, which may account, in part, for some of her sins; and this consideration inspired me with some degree of indulgence toward her foibles.

But when I found that Biddy could never suc-

ceed in getting near her in the pasture, and that any kind of success in the milking operations required my vigorous personal exertions mornin and evening, the matter wore a more serious as pect, and I began to feel quite pensive and appre-hensive. It is very well to talk of the pleasures of the milkmaid going out in the balmy freshness of the purple dawn; but imagine a poor fellow pulled out of bed on a drizzly, rainy morning. or the purple dawn; out imagine a poor fellow pulled out of bed on a drizzly, rainy morning, and equipping himself for a seamper through a wet pasture-lot, rope in hand, at the heels of such a termagant as mine! In fact, madam established a regular series of exercises, which had all to be gone through before she would suffer herself to be captured; as, first, she would station herself plump in the middle of a marsh, which lay at the lower part of the lot, and look very innocent and absent-minded, as if reflecting on some senti-mental subject. "Suke! Suke!" I ejaculate cautiously, tottering along the edge of the marsh, and holding out an ear of corn. The lady rope over her horns, and away she goes, kicking up mud and water into my face in her flight, up mud and water into my face in her flight, while I, losing my balance, tumble forward into the marsh. I pick myself up, and, full of wrath, behold her placidly chewing the cud on the other side, with the meckest air imaginable, as who should say, "I hope you are not hurt, sir." I dash through swamp and bog furiously, resolving to carry all by coup de main. Then follows a miscellaneous season of dodging, scampering, and bo-peeping among the trees of the grove, interspersed with sundry occasional races across the hours of the purchaser. Here a door-step, had given way, and needed replacing; there, a shutter hung loose, and wanted a hinge; abundance of glass needed setting; and, as to painting and papering, there was no end to that; then my wife wanted a door cut here, to make our bed room more convenient, and a china closet knocked up there, where no china closet knocked up there, where no china closet before had been. We even ventured on throwing out a bay window from our sitting-room, because we had luckily lighted on a workman who was so cheap that it was an actual saving of money to employ him. And to be sure our darling little cottage did lift up its head wonderfully for all this garnishing and furbishing. I got up early every morning, and nailed up the rose-bushes, and my wife got up and watered geranjums, and both flattered constantly greeted our ears kept our little estab lishment in a constant commotion. At last, when she one morning made a plunge at the skirts of a new broadcloth frock coat, and carried off one flap on her horns, my patience gave out, and i

determined to sell her.

As, however, I had made a good story of m misfortunes among my friends and neighbors, and mused them with sundry whimsical accounts of my various adventures in the cow-catching line, I found when I came to speak of selling that idea of having his garden land ploughed by there was a general coolness on the subject, and nobody seemed disposed to be the recipient of my responsibilities. In short, I was glad, at last, to get fifteen dollars for her, and comforted myself with thinking that I had at least gained twenty-

full benefit of the honeysuckle and mignonette. My spirits began to rise. I bought three differall the establishment to let me know when there was any indication of an emigrating spirit, that I might be ready to receive the new swarm into my

patent mansion in an artifus that I was greening for the Nach! "It the American Review, intelligence was brought ine that now a swarm had risen. I was on the alert at once never contemplated the possibility of the swarm being, like Haman's gallows, forty cubits high. I looked desparingly upon the smooth-bark tree which rose like a column, full twenty feet, without branch or twig. "What is to be done?" said I, appealing to two or three neighbors. At last, at the recommendation of one of them, a ladder was a siesta on one of the rustic seats, the gentle raised against the tree, and, equipped with a shirt Ariels of delicious reverie will whisper to you in outside of my clothes, a green veil over my head, and a pair of leather gloves in my hand, I went up with a saw at my girdle to saw off the branch on which they had settled, and lower it by a rope to a neighbor, similarly equipped, who stood below

with the hive. As a result of this manœuvre the fastidious little insects were at length fairly installed at housekeeping in my new patent hive, and, rejoicing in my success, I again sat down to my article.

That evening my wife and I took tea in our honeysuckle arbor, with our little ones and a friend or two, to whom I showed my treasures, and like the thoughts of pure hearts raised to heaven. aparlated at large on the comforts and conveliences of the new patent hive.

But alas for the hopes of man! The little unmorning to clear out for new quarters without so much as leaving mea P. P. C. Such was the fact; at eight o'clock I found the new patent hive as good as ever; but the bees I have never seen from Moorish lute; flower-scents, exquisite and impalthat day to this!

"The rescally little conservatives!" said I; "I believe they have never had a new idea from the

to appreciate improvements."

Meanwhile the seeds began to germinate in our garden, when we found, to our chagrin, that, between John Bull and Paddy, there had occurred sundry confusions in the several departments. Radishes had been planted broadcast, carrots and beets arranged in hills, and here and there a beets arranged in hills, and here and there a whole paper of seed appeared to have been planted bodily. My good old uncle, who, somewhat to my confusion, made me a call at this time, was greatly distressed and scandalized by the appearance of our garden. But, by a deal of fussing, transplanting, and replanting, it was got into some shape and order. My uncle was rather troublesome, as careful old people are apt to be—annoying us by perpetual inquiries of what we gave for this, and that, and running up provoking calculations on the and running up provoking calculations on the final cost of matters, and we began to wish that his visit might be as short as would be convenient. But when, on taking leave, he promised to send us a fine young oow of his own raising, our hearts

rather smote us for our impatience.
"'Taint any of your new breeds, nephew," said
the old man, "yet I can say that she's a gentle, lars than many a one that's cried up for Ayrshire, or Durham; and you shall be quite we

We thanked him, as in duty bound, and thought that if he was full of ald-fushiened notions, he no less full of kindness and good will. ginning to thrive under the gentle showers of May, with our flower-borders blooming, my wife and I began to think ourselves in Paradise alas! the same sun and rain that warmed our fruit and flowers brought up from the earth, like sulky gnomes, a vast array of purple-leaved weeds, that almost in a night seemed to cover the whole sur-face of the garden beds. Our gardeners both being gone, the weeding was expected to be done by me—one of the anticipated relaxations of my lei-

sure hours.
"Well," said I, in reply to a gentle intimation from my wife, "when my article is finished, I'll take a day and weed all up clean." Thus days slipped by, till at length the article was dispatched, and I froceeded to my garden.
Amazement! who could have possibly foreseen that
anything earthly could grow so fast in a few days!
There were no bounds, no alleys, no beds, no dis-

tinction of beet and carrot, nothing but a flourishing congregation of weeds nodding and bobbing you are well, sir-we've got the ground, you see! did anybody ever try to clean a neglected carrot rows of weedy onions! He is the man to feel for my despair! How I weeded, and sweat, and my despair! How I weeded, and sweat, and sighed! till, when high noon came on, as the result of all my toils, only three beds were cleaned! And how disconsolate looked the good seed, thus unexpectedly delivered from its sheltering tares, and laid open to a broiling July sun! Every juvenile beet and carrot lay flat down, wilted and

drooping, as if, like me, they had been weeding, instead of being weeded. "This weeding is quite a serious matter," said to my wife; "the fact is, I must have help about

"Just what I was myself thinking," said my and my petunia mounds so completely overgrown that nobody would dream what they were mean

In short, it was agreed between us that In short, it was agreed between us that we could not afford the expense of a full-grown man to keep our place, yet we must reinforce ourselves by the addition of a boy, and a brisk youngster from the vicinity was pitched upon as the happy addition. This youth was a fellow of decidedly quick parts, and in one forenoon made such a clearing in our garden that I was delighted—bed after bed appeared to view, all cleared and dressed out with such celerity that I was quite ashamed of my own slowness, until on examinaashamed of my own slowness, until, on examin tion, I discovered that he had, with great impa tiality, pulled up both weeds and vegetables.

This hopeful beginning was followed up by succession of proceedings which should be recorded for the instruction of all who seek for help

from the race of boys. Such a loser of all tools great and small—such an invariable leaver-opes of all gates, and letter-down of bars—such a per ion of all manner of anarchy and i sonification of all manner of anarchy and ill luck—had never before been seen on the estate. His time, while I was gone to the city, was agreeably diversified with roosting on the fence, swinging on the gates, making poplar whistles for the children, hunting eggs, and eating whatever fruit happened to be in season, in which latter accomplishment he was certainly quite distinguished. After about three weeks of this kind of joint gardening, we concluded to dismiss master Tom from the firm, and employ a man.

"Things must be taken care of," said I, "and I cannot do it. "Tis out of the question." And so

the man was secured. But I am making a long story, and may chance to outrun the sympathies of my readers. Time would fail me to tell of the distresses manifold would fail me to tell of the distresses manifold that fell upon me—of cows dried up by poor milkers, of hens that wouldn't set at all, and hens that despite all law and reason would set on one egg, of hens that having hatched families straightway led them into all manner of high grass and woods, by which means numerous young chicks caught premature colds and perished! and how when I, with manifold toil, had driven one of these inconsiderate gadders, into a coop, to teach her domestic habits, the rate came down upon her, and slew every chick in one night! how my pigs were always practising gymnastic exercises over the fence of the stye, and marauding in the gar-den. (I wonder that Fourier never conceived the idea of having his garden land ploughed by pigs, for certainly they manifest quite a decided elective attraction for turning up the earth)

and turnips like any other man, for, between all the various systems of gardening pursued, I was obliged to confess that my first horticultural effort was a decided failure. But though all my five dollars' worth of experience in the transac-tion, to say nothing of the fine exercise.

I comforted my soul, however, the day after, by purchasing and bringing home to my wife a fine purchasing and bringing home to my wife a fine

received a timely lift from my good old uncle, I had made a complete break-down. The old gen-tleman's troublesome habit of ciphering and cal-culating, it seems, had led bim beforehand to line, nor likely to possess much surplus revenue to meet the note which I had given for my place, and, therefore, he quietly paid it himself, discovered when, after much anxiety and some sleepless nights, I went to the holder to ask for an extension of credit. to live chean in the country, a body must know

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, October 26, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era : Have you ever dreamed away a morning hour

eside the beautiful fountain in Franklin square? The grounds afford the pleasantest promenade I have found in Philadelphia; and when you are weary of walking, and while the limbs are taking a siesta on one of the rustic seats, the gentle the murmur of willow branches, swaying in the wind, or glance mirth or melancholy, as it may pleasure you, from the starry eyes of sunlit

water drops. A fountain among willows! It is my very ideal of elegance and grace. Those long, drooping, delicately-foliaged boughs undulating, waltzing with the zephyr, and those snowy water-shafts like the thoughts of pure hearts roised to beaven, are suggestive to my fancy of a multitude of fuscinating images, of "alloring and delicious

pable; vague and beautiful imaginings floating around a poet's brain; Tasso improvising in a tays of Virgil down, and are entirely unprepared garden, ringing soft changes on the name of Leonore.

I went lately to the square, accompanied by an interesting child, a sweet little Michigan boy of seven Septembers. The society of unsophisticated children is always delightful to me. True and earnest, without the weariness of self-conquest-nor the scars-beautiful and winsome, without consciousness-that perpetual invocation to goodness and gratitude, as the world should be-that constant temptation to vanity, as the world is-they are at least the fairest types we have in this life of human purity and innocence. As we entered the gate from Arch street, my little mentor impressed on my mind that we were not to smoke in the grounds nor "break the trees down;" and as I found placards near the entrances on which the same amusements were forbidden. I

mentally decided not to do them. There are a number of tame squirrels, pretty, graceful creatures, pensioners of the public charthe first patch of greensward nodded his little head and twinkled his bright eyes, with an air that cried, "Largess !" as eloquently as a Turkish beggar's salaem. As my young esquire, anticipa ting this species of tariff, had been provided with a handful of peanuts at the corner, we soon had a half dozen of these little paupers at our feet, some gnawing at the fruit with a gravity which, but that I deprecate irreverence, I might call sonatorial; some, "in a fine frenzy rolling" on the green turf; and some tossing the nutshells about in supreme contempt for "vulgar utilities." A benison on you, every one, sportive exiles of the greenwood! Heaven send that ye eat always lentiful suppers at the feet of harmless infancy,

charmed lives" in the heart of this city of fraternal love and unfraternal murders.

Mais, revenous, with a reverent apology to all
papas and mammas for the rudeness, from squirrels back to children.
I remember taking a party of little, merry

I remember taking a party of little, merry maidens, one day last summer, to explore the marvels of the Capitol. Coming up the eastern steps, we stopped to look at the statue of Peace in the portion. "Oh!" cried one bright little girl, holding up her two tiny hands, and with her large eyes full of admiration, "a sweet woman! a sweet, sweet woman! I love that beautiful lady!" To me, if I had been an artist, this little outgush of spontaneous, subjective criticism, would have been deeply flattering. And this brings me to a touching story I have

lis's letters to the Home Journal, and which, un-less it come too late, I shall need no excuse for repeating here.
Every one who has visited Washington, I suppose, has spent half an hour before the picture of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, on the panel in the Rotunda. Painters have told me that it is

been reading in an extract from one of Mr. Wil-

the ketunda. Painters have told me that it is the best picture there; and others, whose con-noisseurship is that of feeling, merely, have con-fessed to daily and nightly hauntings for many weeks, from some of its figures and groupings. The tender sadness on the meek face of the in-valid boy, and the saintly goodness making that of his mother beautiful, with all its wrinkles, contrast harmoniously—as, indeed, is there not always harmony in the antithesis of objects beautiful in themselves?—with the youthful and stately figure of Lady Winslow, and the proud,

But it is I believe, the exquisite countenance of But it is, I believe, the exquisite countenance of Rose, his young and lovely wife, through whose incomparable eyes speaks the whole soul of femi-nine constancy, tenderness, and trust, and on whose forehead rest some rays from the far-off crown of martyrdom—that elected heritage of womanhood—which attracts all regards, and con-quers all hearts, consecrating, in a thousand memories, shrines where its remembrance may keep its throne, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy for-ever!"

Mr. Wier, the artist, received, as perhaps all your readers know, ten thousand dollars from the Government, for this picture. This sum he in-vested, entire, for the use of his three beloved obildren. Alas for his poor heart—his poet heart! It was his lot to survive them all. When they were dead, a sentiment of religious delicacy prevented his appropriating this fortune, which reverted to him from his children. We can all understand the feeling: It is the same which keeps sacred the wardrobe of the little lost darling, though the widowed mother must toil the later, children; the same that guards untouched, in the old homestead, the library and laboratory, now useless, of the dead student, though his sturdy brothers must labor the harder through the long summer days, to redeem the holy extravagance. But the bereaved father bethought him of a worthy use, to which he would consecrate this inheritance, sanctified by their brief ownership. Hav-

of burial, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," should there be spoken; these were to be the legates of the artist's children.

le it not a "touching poem," as Mr. Willis says, this offering which love and grief have laid out the altar of faith and charity?

It is easy to believe those children must have been fair and lovely; and, with the image of Rose Standish in our thoughts, to fancy their mother most beautiful and good. Indeed I cannot conceive that the artist could have painted such a face, except as the portrait, in form or in soul, of face, except as the portrait, in form or in soul, of the woman that he loved. For it is not a sister's nor a daughter's face—there is something wifely in the tender meanings clustering around the